bed and removed me to a single cell within the Hospital Ward. I had not yet recovered completely from the effects of the first attack and there arose a fresh complication. I began to see visions that I took for what was actually taking place in my own native land and made the most woeful of blunders. I seemed to hear such pitiable and heart-rending cries of woe and misery coming from people I loved and held dear to me, that it became impossible for me to bear the sight in my the then state of mental and physical illness, I began to blame myself as the root cause of all this evil and felt as though I had turned out the very worst culpirt imaginable on the face of the earth, making mischief only and no good. During one of those mortifying fits of morbid imagination and low vitality the pangs of conscience that I felt, proved so acute and unbearable, that I preferred to commit suicide, rather than endure such horrible dejection.

As I was turning the question in my mind and sought for an effective means for carrying

out my resolve into action, it struck me as in a flash, that the carpet they gave me to use for my bed, was splendid material for making a